

# ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE.

"NO UNION WITH SLAVERDOME."

VOL. I.

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## ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE.

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From the Liberator.

### LETTER FROM FREDRICK DOUGLASS.

VICTORIA HOTEL, Belfast,  
January 1st, 1846

MY DEAR FRIEND GARRISON:

I am now about to take leave of the Emerald Isle, for Glasgow, Scotland. I have been here a little more than four months. Up to this time, I have given no expression of my views, feelings and opinions which I have formed, respecting the character and condition of the people of this land. I have refrained thus purposely. I wish to speak advisedly and in order to do this, I have waited till I trust experience has brought my opinions to an intelligent maturity. I have been thus careful, not because I think what I may say will have much effect in shaping the opinions of the world, but because whatever of influence I may possess, whether little or much, I wish it to go in the right direction, and according to truth. I hardly need say that, in speaking of Ireland, I shall be influenced by no prejudices in favor of America. I think my circumstances all forbid that. I have no end to serve, no creed to uphold, no government to defend; and as to nation, I belong to none. I have no protection at home, or resting-place abroad. The land of my birth welcomes me to her shores only as a slave, and spurns with contempt the idea of treating me differently. So that I am an outcast from the society of my childhood, and an outlaw in the land of my birth. I am a stranger with thee, and a sojourner as all my fathers were. That men should be patriotic to me perfectly natural; and as a philosophical fact, I am able to give it an intellectual recognition. But no further can I go. If ever I had any patriotism, or any capacity for the feeling, it was whipt out of me long since by the lash of the American slave-drivers.

In thinking of America, I sometimes find myself admiring her bright blue sky—her grand old woods—her fertile fields—her beautiful rivers—her mighty lakes, and star-crowned mountains. But my rapture is soon checked, my joy is soon turned to mourning. When I remember that all is cursed with the infernal spirit of slaveholding, robbery and wrong—when I remember that with the waters of her noblest rivers, the tears of my brethren are borne to the ocean, disregarded and forgotten, and that her most fertile fields drink daily of the warm blood of my outraged sisters, I am filled with unutterable loathing, and led to reproach myself that any thing could fall from my lips in praise of such a land. America will not allow her children to love her. She seems bent on compelling those who would be her warmest friends, to be her worst enemies. May God give her repentance before it is too late, is the urgent prayer of my heart. I will continue to pray, labor and wait, believing that she cannot always be insensible to the dictates of justice, or deaf to the voice of humanity.

My opportunities for learning the character and condition of the people of this land have been very great. I have travelled almost from the hill of Howth to the Giant's Causeway and from the Giant's Causeway to Cape Clear. During these travels, I have met with people in the character and condition of the people to approve, and much to condemn—much that has thrilled me with pleasure—and very much that has filled me with pain. I will not, in this letter, attempt to give any description of those scenes which have given me pain.—This I will do hereafter. I have enough, and more than your subscribers will be disposed to read at one time, of the bright side of the picture. I can truly say, I have spent some of the happiest moments of my life since landing in this country. I seem to have undergone a transformation. I live a new life. The warm and generous co-operation extended to me by the friends of my despised race—the prompt and liberal manner with which the press has rendered me its aid—the glorious enthusiasm with which thousands have flocked to hear the cruel wrongs of my down-trodden and long enslaved fellow-countrymen portrayed—the deep sympathy for the slave, and the strong abhorrence of the slaveholder everywhere evinced—the cordiality with which members and ministers of various religious bodies, and of various shades of religious opinion, have embraced me, and lent me their aid—the kind hospitality constantly proffered to me by persons of the highest

rank in society—the spirit of freedom that seems to animate all with whom I come in contact—and the entire absence of every thing that looked like prejudice against me, on account of the color of my skin—contrasted so strongly with my long and bitter experience in the United States, that I look with wonder and amazement on the transition. In the Southern part of the United States, I was a slave, thought of and spoken of as property. In the language of the LAW, held, taken, reputed and adjudged to be a chattel in the hands of my owners and possessors, and their executors, administrators, and assigns, to all intents, constructions, and purposes whatsoever.—Barr, Drury, 221. In the Northern States, a fugitive slave, liable to be hunted at any moment like a felon, and to be hurled into the terrible jaws of slavery—doomed by an inveterate prejudice against color to insult and outrage on every hand, (Massachusetts out of the question)—denied the privileges and courtesies common to others in the use of the most humble means of conveyance—shut out from the cabins on steamboats—refused admission to respectable hotels—caricatured, scorned, scoffed, mocked and maltreated with impunity by any one, (no matter how black his heart,) so he has a white skin. But now behold the change! Eleven days and a half gone, and I have crossed three thousand miles of the perilous deep. Instead of a democratic government, I am under a monarchial government. Instead of the bright blue sky of America, I am covered with the soft grey fog of the Emerald Isle. I breathe, and lo! the chattel becomes a man. I gaze around in vain for one who will question my equal humanity, claim me as his slave, or offer me an insult. I employ a cab—I am seated beside white people—I reach the hotel—I enter the same door—I am shown into the same parlour—I dine at the same table—and no one is offended. No delicate nose grows deformed in my presence. I find no difficulty here in obtaining admission into any place of worship, instruction, or amusement on equal terms with people as white as any I ever saw in the United States. I meet nothing to remind me of my complexion. I find myself regarded and treated at every turn with the kindness and deference paid to white people. When I go to church, I am met by no upturned nose and scornful lip to tell me, "We don't allow niggers in here."

I remember, about two years ago, there was in Boston, near the southwest corner of Boston Common, a menagerie. I had long desired to see such a collection as I understood were being exhibited there. Never having an opportunity while a slave, I resolved to seize this, my first, since my escape. I went, and as I approached the entrance to gain admission, I was met and told by the door-keeper, in a harsh and contemptuous tone, "We don't allow niggers in here." I also remember attending a revival meeting in the Rev. Henry Jackson's meeting-house at New Bedford, and going up the broad aisle to find a seat. I was met by a good deacon, who told me in a pious tone, "We don't allow niggers in here!" Soon after my arrival in New Bedford from the South, I had a strong desire to attend the Lyceum, but was told, "They don't allow niggers in here!" While passing from New York to Boston on the steamer Massachusetts, on the night of 9th Dec. 1845, when chilled thro' with the cold, I went into the cabin to get a little warm. I was soon touched on the shoulder, and told, "We don't allow niggers in here!" On arriving in Boston from an anti-slavery tour, hungry and tired, I went into an eating house near my friend Mr. Campbell's to get some refreshments. I was met by a lad in a white apron, "We don't allow niggers in here!" A week or two before leaving the United States, I had a meeting appointed at Weymouth, the home of that glorious band of true abolitionists, the Weston family and others. On attempting to take a seat in the Omnibus to that place, I was told by the driver (and I never shall forget his fiendish hate) "I don't allow niggers in here!" Thank heaven for the respite I now enjoy! I had been in Dublin but a few days, when a gentleman of great respectability kindly offered to conduct me through all the public buildings of that beautiful city; and a little afterwards, I found myself dining with the Lord Mayor of Dublin. What a pity there was not some American democratic Christian at the door of his splendid mansion, to bark out at my approach "They don't allow niggers in here!" The truth is, the people here know nothing of the republican negro hate prevalent in our glorious land. They measure and esteem men according to their moral and intellectual worth, and not according to the color of their skin. Whatever may be said of the aristocracies here, there is none based on the color of a man's skin. This species of aristocracy belongs pre-eminently to "the land of the free, and the home of the brave." I have never found it abroad in any but Americans. It sticks to them wherever they go. They find it almost as hard to get rid of it as to get rid of their skins.

The second day after my arrival at Liverpool, in company with my friend Buffum, and several other friends, I went to Eaton Hall, the residence of the Marquis of Westminster, one of the most splendid buildings in England. On approaching the door, I found several of our American passengers, who came out with us in the Cambria, waiting at the door for admission, as but one party was allowed in the house at a time. We all had to wait till the company within came out. And of all the faces, expressive of chagrin, those of the Americans were pre-eminent. They looked as sour as vinegar, and bitter as gall, when

they found I was to be admitted on equal terms with themselves. When the door was opened, I walked in, on an equal footing with my white fellow-citizens, and from all I could see, I had as much attention paid me by the servants that showed us through the house, as any with a paler skin. As I walked thro' the building, the statuary did not fall down, the pictures did not leap from their places, the doors did not refuse to open, and the servants did not say, "We don't allow niggers in here."

A happy new year to you, and all the friends of freedom.

Excuse this imperfect scrawl, and believe me to be ever and always yours,  
FREDERICK DOUGLASS

From the Pennsylvania Freeman.  
THE LIBERTY PARTY.

To the few words which we have to say upon this subject, we respectfully request the attention of the abolitionists of the Liberty Party. We are aware that in that party there are warm-hearted and sincere friends of the slave, and however mistaken we may regard their policy, we doubt not they are seeking to promote the cause of freedom. Such cannot close their eyes to the fact, however much they may desire to do so, that the Liberty party is on the decline. They, doubtless, have perceived and regretted this, yet perhaps, will be startled at our prediction, that, in a very short time, it will have gone the way of all similar parties, and the places which now know it will know it no more. Judging from the history of the past, and from the nature of things, we believed, at the beginning, that it was destined to a brief existence, but now there appear evidences of its actual decay, which must arrest the notice of its friends and supporters. We speak of these in no spirit of triumph over opponents, nor from a desire to prove the verity of predictions, uttered at an earlier stage of our enterprise, but because they are facts which demand explanation, and which, we believe, may be used for the benefit of the anti-slavery cause.

At the time of the last Presidential election, it was accounted a striking evidence of the growing prosperity of the Liberty party, that, amid the excitement of the struggle, when so great and sometimes successful efforts were made to win abolitionists from their integrity, and induce them, for once, on so important an occasion, when the annexation of Texas, and the consequent extension of slavery was to depend, perhaps, on their votes, to give them for a moment, that party was able to poll so many votes as the returns of the election showed. At our last election, then, when these difficulties no longer existed, and the comparative apathy of the public mind was favorable to its success, the party, even if it had made no progress in the interval, should have polled a much larger vote than in 1841. But what was the fact? In Massachusetts, the pioneer state, where no efforts have been spared, and no zeal wanting among the leaders of the party; there, with a daily issued organ, and all the appliances of successful operation, the number of voters fell, in round numbers, from nine to six thousand. In Ohio and New York, other strong holds of the party, there has been no perceptible increase, and in eastern Pennsylvania, where it has had the advantage of a weekly newspaper, able lecturers, industrious committees, and a fair field, furnished by the apathy of the public mind, relative to the election, the increase was scarcely worth notice. It is a fact somewhat remarkable, that in five years, there should have been an increase of less than two hundred votes. In 1840, the vote for Birney was 107; in 1841, for Lemayne, 103; in 1844, for Birney 227; in 1845, for Canal Commissioner, 261.

As to the western part of the State, we have the testimony of one of its leaders, and the editor of its organ there, that the professed friends of its principles, seem indifferent about voting for them.

In New York the party is on the eve of a disastrous crisis. In the approaching election to form a Convention for the purpose of amending the State constitution, its friends will be compelled to choose between adherence to the party organization, and fidelity to principle. The extension of the right of suffrage to the colored population being the only question of peculiar interest to anti-slavery voters, the Whigs are very naturally calling upon them to aid in securing it, and not to defeat the measure by pursuing their policy of independent nominations. If they relinquish this policy, and unite with the Whigs, they will probably carry this measure, but they will lose their identity as a party, and practically acknowledge that it is sometimes right to vote with pro-slavery parties, thus conceding the point for which they have so long contended; if on the other hand they pursue their plan of independent nominations, they will prove that they value party forms above practical righteousness.—Whichever course, therefore, they may adopt, the party must sustain severe injury.

There is, doubtless, a combination of causes to which the diminution of Liberty votes may be traced, but we do not think that it is to be ascribed to a flagrant zeal in behalf of freedom. A principal cause, we believe, is a want of faith, and consequently of interest, in the party, as an anti-slavery measure. It certainly is not the result of a want of zeal or of skill on behalf of its leaders, but a want of vitality in the party.

In view of these obvious facts, we cannot but hope that many of the friends of the slave, who are supporting this party, are beginning to perceive its inadequacy as a means to the

proposed end. We would ask, such, to reconsider their position, and inquire if there is not "a more excellent way," a higher ground of action, whereon they once stood, when with the present leaders of the Liberty party, they deprecated the formation of a political anti-slavery party, and urged good and sufficient reasons against it, and from which they were tempted, by the specious bait of politics, to descend. Having tried and proved the inefficiency of a political party to carry on a moral reform, we trust that they will be induced to return to the position which they formerly occupied, and prove again the superiority of moral over political power. There is our great strength lies. Few imagine that the machinery of political parties can convert men to the truth, or win them to the practice of righteousness. It is admitted that this must be done, to prepare them to do the work for which the party was formed. If the time, the money, the energy, which have been expended upon the mere machinery of this now declining party, had been devoted to this end, how much might have been accomplished which now remains to be done. A great renovation of public sentiment must be wrought before a distinct anti-slavery party can possibly succeed, and when that change is wrought, other political organizations, which are ever the exponents of public sentiment will do the work, without the necessity of such a party.

In what we have said on this occasion, we have spoken as to the friends of the slave, who have our common cause at heart. We have spoken frankly and plainly, but in kindness, and for the slave's sake. To those of our readers who may differ from us in opinion, and especially to those to whom this article is addressed, we say, "Hear us for our cause!"

### COMMUNICATIONS.

Communications, 2nd mo. 5th, 1846.

Friends Editors:

The great Whig Convention was held here yesterday, every county in the State except one was represented, the meeting was harmonious, Wm. Bebb of Butler county was duly nominated for Governor; the vote on second ballot stood, for Bebb 153, Collier 68, Fisher 37, Wade 28. In the afternoon a most enthusiastic meeting was held in the State House yard, which was addressed first by Collier, then by Bebb. The Whigs are truly encouraged having a very able candidate who has pledged himself to traverse the state. Oh what cause of rejoicing would it be to down trodden humanity if the Whig cause was the cause of human rights! Even in the state of Ohio we should have this strong man, young, talented, energetic, pleading for the redemption of the bondman. We should have the Ohio State Journal enlisted manfully in the glorious work, and an hundred daily and weekly sheets throughout the State beating time with it and rallying half a million freemen under the unfurled banner of Freedom; Liberty would become the great idea of Whig Legislation in the Buckeye State, her example would be followed, and

"The dwellers on the rocks and in the vales, shout to each other,  
And the mountain tops from distant mountains catch the dying joy.  
Till nation after nation, taught the strain,  
Earth rolls the rapturous Hosanna round!"

What a theme to contemplate the result of such an array enlisted under a banner unspotted with the blood of the despoiled! If a handful of abolitionists can rock a nation, what could not be done with such an array as the professed friends of freedom would constitute, if they would but make universal liberty, the ground work, the corner-stone of their enterprise!

But it should be humiliating to men who are advocating the cause of partial liberty to be under the necessity, in order to give a sort of spuriousness to their discourse, to say "equal rights" "no exclusive privileges" &c., when they know they at the same time despise that doctrine. Yet all the political parties do it. I have heard such expressions daily during the past month by democrats.—Yesterday W. Bebb declared himself in favor of the equality of mankind, whether European, Asiatic or African. The Liberty party are for equal rights to all—opposed to taxation without representation, or depriving any one of an inalienable right. At the same time they deny half of the human family the right to vote which they claim the right to tax them, and are, under certain circumstances in favor of depriving men of one of their dearest inalienable rights—their lives.

Thus do we see that practice and profession do not go hand in hand, however great the pretensions to this consistency.

You will perceive the south have carried the day, again, in the nomination of a candi-

date for Governor, whether he be an anti-slavery man or not, we have no evidence that I have yet learned except what he has said since he was nominated. I must acknowledge that in the few words he spoke yesterday on that subject he talked just like an abolitionist. He will perhaps be quite ultra on the subject when he gets up near the lake shore, but anti-slavery voters ought to inform themselves how he was regarded by the anti-slavery people in Butler county, whether on their side or against them.

Second day next is the day assigned for the discussion of the Black Laws in the House, I shall stay a few days longer than I intended on that account.

The temperance bill has not yet passed through, several interesting debates have taken place upon it. The bill provides that a majority of the voters of any township, &c., by remonstrating against the granting of license may prevent any being granted and that the court should continue to withhold until a majority should petition for it. More than twelve thousand persons have petitioned the present Legislature for this or a similar law. When this bill came up the other day A. Foust moved its indefinite postponement. J. Flinn said selling liquor was wrong, and to license an evil was erroneous. He would have the license law repealed and offered an amendment to that effect. C. L. Vollandigham asked the gentleman from Hamilton whether he would vote to repeal and then to prohibit the sale of strong drink. He said that gentleman had got himself into this position.—Flinn said he would talk of the prohibition when it came up—did not seem to relish the idea of taking either horn of the dilemma.—J. P. Cutler was in favor of the entire prohibition of selling strong drink. B. S. Cowen was himself in favor of prohibiting all sales of a less quantity than one quart, but thought the public mind not ready to repeal the license law. S. Mason thought it would detract from the "dignity" of the Court to pass this bill, we ought to repose the greatest confidence in a Court. He was in favor of the "let alone" doctrine. The act would be a fearful—a most pernicious one. The Court by the passage of this bill would incur the stigma of a partizan to the cold water cause!"

The bill was most ably defended by T. W. Tipton, after which the vote was taken upon its indefinite postponement and lost.—Yeas 31, Nays 32.

This bill has again been recommitted and I have a hope it will pass.

Tipton is to be employed again by the State Temperance Society and will endeavor to prepare the public mind for more decisive action next winter. Respectfully,  
B. B. D.

### NO UNION BETWEEN SLAVERY AND RELIGION.

Faithless Editors:—

This is a subject of much importance, and of common discussion. In order to give my thoughts, I will in the first place speak of religion, and secondly of slavery. If God designed when he made man that he should be happy, and established religion as a means to make him so, it follows that religion is right, and any religion that will not make him so, is a false religion. And if it be true that God created man a religious being, (and if he did not, he could not be religious without being created a new,) and established laws for his government as such, it follows that obedience to these laws constitute his religion; and the effects of this obedience, his religious enjoyment. And as man's physical existence requires a union of the mental and physical things of creation, so also it requires a union of the mental and physical laws to govern this existence.—Hence the violation of the one is an infringement of the other, as it has a tendency, in a greater or less degree, to sever the link which unites them. And as obedience to the physical laws, is requisite to a perfect physical existence, so also this perfect physical existence is necessary, in order that the mind be perfect, that it make a perfect exhibition of itself. As religion makes men happy, that which makes them miserable is contrary to religion. Hence the violation of all Physical, Mental, Moral and Social laws, is a sin against God, and contrary to religion. Consequently obedience to these laws, is necessary in order for man to be perfectly religious. For that which is physically wrong, is morally wrong, the two principles being connected by the union of mental and physical things,